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# GAY BLADES

AN OUT-STANDING PHOTO-ILLUSTRATED SELECTION OF THE FINEST GAY SHORT STORIES PLUS TWO SHORT PHOTO ROMANCES

*

The Customer Is Always Right

BY THE BOOK

A Few Pointers

GAY BLADES

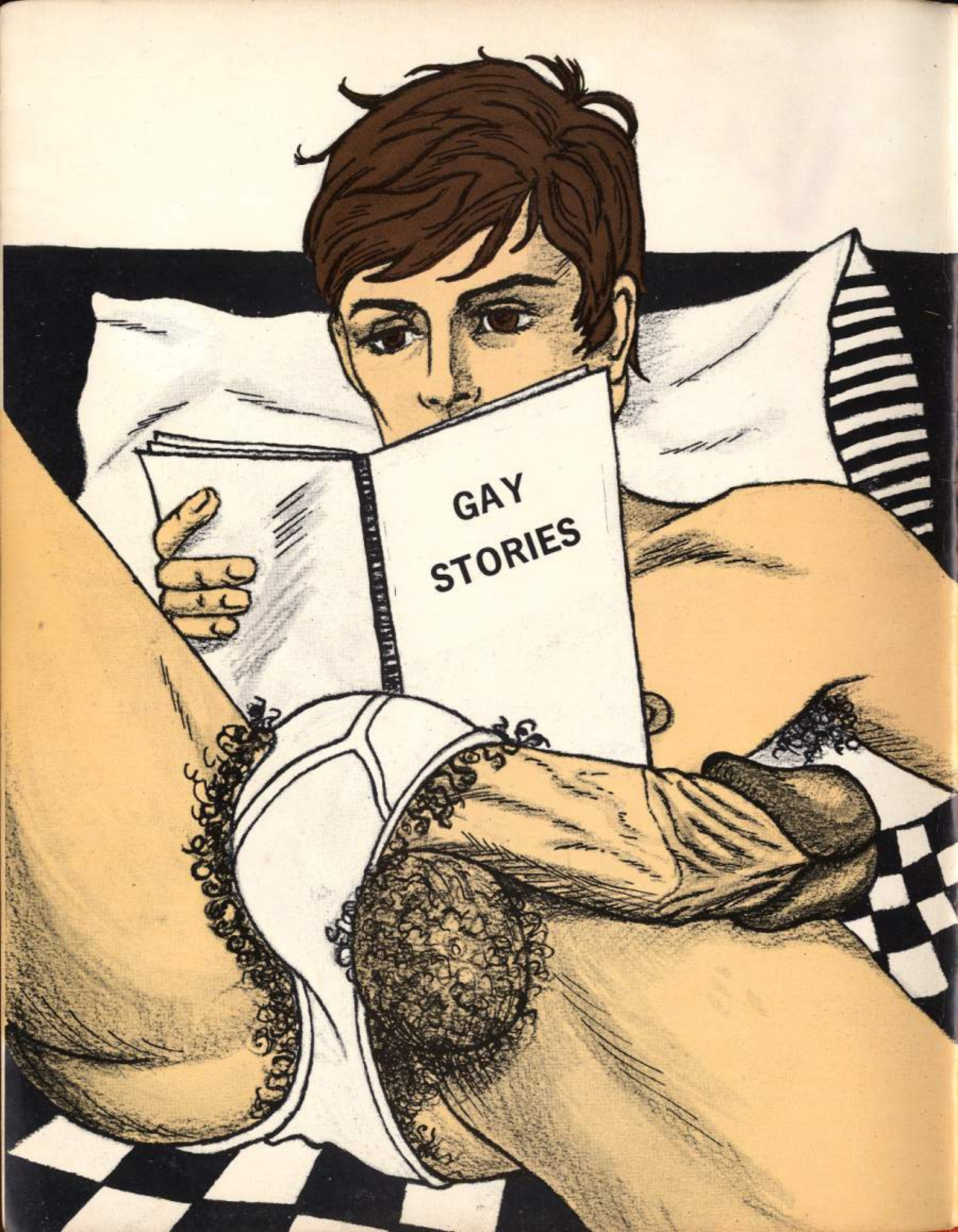
Model For Hire

THE WAY WE ARE

River Interlude

*and*

GREEN MONKEY


GAY
STORIES

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## GAY FICTION - WRITTEN TO ORDER

by Dr. Fecal D'Chevaux

Once, when the heavy hand of censorship "protected" us from most sexually provocative writings, whether they were pornographic or not, there was a double standard applied to homosexual and heterosexual examples of the art. The latter were adjudged obscene and forbidden, if the manner of description was particularly provocative, or if specific "obscene" words appeared often in the text. To convict the publishers or possessors of homosexual material, it was enough to show that the material mentioned homosexuality at all----except to condemn it.

We haven't yet escaped the stiffling feeling that there is something nasty, something corrupting, even, about the writing, the circulation, or the reading of stories about sex, and this shame falls with extra weight still upon homosexual materials.

Nonetheless, we have advanced beyond the stage of apologetics. It no longer seems needful to say that sex stories are acceptable if they possess some other socially-redeeming values. There is nothing really immoral, degenerate or sick about wanting a sexual turn-on. It is, in fact, one of the healthiest responses in the world.

So the one unshakeable standard for a sex story is, whether it does its job. Does it excite the reader and give him pleasure? Whether it is a socially-conscious story, whether the characters are believeable, whether the writing is fine or infantile is all secondary, so far as general standards of judgements are concerned. But these things do a lot to determine which classes of readers the story will "work" for. For nothing in human life is more variable than the question of what will turn who on, and why.

Readers who expect of sex stories the same maturity of viewpoint and literary skill they would expect of other fiction (and if they expect it, well and good, but

there is no logical reason why the sex story, which is at base a mechanism to produce a specific result, ought to be expected to meet these extraneous demands), can do well to stop here with the story by Phil Andros. The others in this collection are unlikely to meet such stiff qualifications, and at least two of the stories which follow will have them spitting.

But Andros has an advantage over the other writers represented here. His story probably conceived and written at leisure, with the plot and characters coming out of his widely varied experience, and not straight-jacketed by prescriptions by an editor, or by a very fast deadline.

The other stories were written for magazines, in

which the basic layout was conceived in advance by an editor who assigned a photographer to shoot a series of photographs of two or more models, having in most cases little more than a living-room and a bed-room for a setting. Minimal props may be used: for instance, one model may be undressed and on the telephone in the first picture, and the other character may arrive fully dressed at the door in the next. They go through a series of sexual exercises, often getting into fairly improbable positions in order to better display certain parts for the camera, and, at the end, the visitor leaves. A writer is then given the assignment of writing, on short order, a 1,000 word story, or 2,500 words, or any other specific length, with the hope that he will faithfully explain all the maneuvers in the pictures, while ignoring it if one model fails entirely to get an erection, or makes a nasty face when the other male's prick comes near his mouth. Beyond that, the author can "flash back," starting his story years earlier, so long as he culminates with the scene at hand. And, hopefully, if both models look like street hustlers, the writer will avoid describing them as physicians or senators----but writers vary in the degree of seriousness they bring to such matters.

Few things can be more annoying to the reader than to have the 12-inch cock of a character breathlessly described, when the model is sporting something which is both modest and unresponsive. Unless it is for a character to be described as a sweet Sunday-School boy, and have his arms covered with tattoos, which indicate another life-style entirely. Or to see distinctive Marine Corps tattoos on the arm while reading that this guy was in the Air Force. But such slip ups aren't always the writer's fault. He sometimes has to complete the story before he sees all of the photographs, so he really didn't know that the telling tattoo was there.

I am told that readers are partial to moderately lavish apartments, but such backgrounds sometimes make it difficult for the writer to achieve a believeable atmosphere. If two guys whose dress and appearance clearly announce that they are fresh in from some such locality as Bakersfield, that their current "address" is at Selma and Las Palmas, then the writer has to go to great lengths to explain how they got into a lavish apartment, furnished in a style which neither would care for. And, if the writer has to write in rapid succession five stories with different models, but all set in the same recognizable apartment, it creates an unreality factor in the writer himself. He can only hope that most readers will neither notice nor care.

A competent writer can unobtrusively work in explanations of such matters, and make the explanations themselves part of the sex kick, as in the *A FEW POINTERS* story here.

But other writers will raise extraneous emotional issues, unexplained except by the assumption that their story was a slice lifted out of a longer novel----such as the fact that the characters in *THE GAY BLADES* are apparently fleeing from someone when the story starts, but this fact is quickly forgotten.

But we revert to our main point: the standard by which individual readers will weigh each of these stories is whether they charge his batteries. Even the most highly literate reader can often be gloriously charged up by a story with no literary merit at all, and some will feel that too much literary merit depresses the sexual response. Judge for yourself. We present six very different stories, all aiming to please you....

# GAY BLADES

by George McKinley

*THE GAY BLADES is in the naive style particularly beloved by many readers. The background is hastily sketched in, and we are not sure if the story is set on the American frontier a century ago, or in some backwood location today. The combination of a slender, almost delicate blonde youth, and a strong, dark and husky type who gently, then mightily fucks him, is ambrosia to some Gay tastes. Other readers would expect both partners to be more masculine (or less so), and some will be so upset by the dangling implication that our lovers are in flight, that they will not be able to enjoy what is essentially a hot, fucking vignette, in a rustic setting....*

*Try it for size....*

"Hey, come on," Dave yelled. "Come on! We haven't got all day! Let's go, man!"

Johnnie lurched to his feet and tiredly followed his lover the distance to the top of the short ridge. Then, together, Indian-file, they began trotting along the narrow path that led further into the looming dark hills.

"Do you think they would have thought to follow us here," he asked, when they paused again.

"No, I don't think they'll think of this one. But," he turned and grinned at the tired boy, beside him, "I'm not taking any chances this time!"

Johnnie nodded understandingly. "I'm ready to go on."

Dave turned and began moving slowly, now, forward. As the path led downward instead of up, the way was easier than before. Johnnie didn't have as much trouble keeping up with him on the down slope.

Shortly, they emerged from the hump of the mountain and entered the spreading beginnings of the conifer growths. Their tracks, if any, were absorbed by the resilient layers of pine needles. Their boots made no sound, either.

"Down there," Dave said at last. He pointed down the slope into the valley.

Nestled in a lea of the curving stone walls was a tiny cabin, set in a small clearing.

"Oh, it's beautiful, Dave!"

"Sure, sweetheart," he replied. Impulsively, Dave's arm came around the frail boy's shoulders, hugging Johnnie to his breast. They kissed briefly.

"Love me, Dave," Johnnie

whispered, hoarsely. "Make me feel good."

"Later. First we get settled in."

Within the hour the two men were ensconced in the single room cabin and were thinking of eating.

'Here, baby," Dave said to Johnnie, as he handed him the bucket, "go down to the creek and get some water, please."

Their eyes met as Dave's hand slid seductively down over Johnnie's slender arm.

"Later," he whispered, "later on tonight, I'm going to love you to death."

Smiling silently, Johnnie skipped from the cabin and headed down the hill to fill the wooden bucket with water. At the spring, from whence sprang the creek, he dipped the bucket into the icy water.

Putting the heavy bucket down on the ground, he knelt down. Scooping water into his mouth he drank his fill of the clear sparkling fluid. He splashed water on his face and rinsed his hands. But he felt dirty and sticky.

In a minute he impulsively stripped naked. The late afternoon sun revealed his slender limbs in a glowing gold. Johnnie was fair. His blonde hair was heavy and thick across his head and his bush, but more like a light fuzz on the rest of his smooth white flesh. His gently rounded body curved from one part of his anatomy to another.

Standing straight, he poised his thin body. Gracefully he dove into the quiet pool, making only a small series of spreading ripples across the surface of the still waters. When he surfaced, he shook his head. The water dripped from his mop of shaggy blonde curls. He tossed his head, throwing them out of his eyes.

He lay back and floated on the water, happy to be able to get his body clean again. This pool, this valley, the escape----all had helped to make him feel cleaner. And what he had with Dave was clean, as well.

"No," he thought to himself, "I won't mar this wonderful feeling with thoughts of the past. That's all behind me, now. I'm free! At last, I'm free and I can live as I choose."

Decidedly, he concentrated on memorizing the vivid colorings of the failing light.

"Johnnie! Johnnie! Where are you? Johnnie!" Dave's worried voice cut across the boy's reverie. But before his lazy mind could react, Dave stood beside the pool.

"What are you doing?"

"Relaxing. Feeling."

Dave shook his head. Then, he too, was stripping. In half a minute he dove into the water, splashing around noisily as he swam across to Johnnie.

"You worried me, honey," he quipped as he grabbed his young lover and ducked him under the water.

Splashing and kicking, they wrestled around until Johnnie took Dave's stiffening manhood in his small hand. Squeezing on it, he felt his lover stiffen quickly.

"Yes, now," he said.

Standing in the shallower part of the pool, Dave picked Johnnie up in his arms and carried his dripping, slippery form to the shore. Setting him gently down into a bed of soft pine needles, he knelt down.

Their mouths merged. Johnnie felt the blood pounding through his body, warming his chilled flesh. He felt his desire grow as Dave's mouth moved seductively across his lips.

Responding, he opened his lips willingly to admit Dave's tongue. The heavy flesh entered between his parted teeth and began gliding across the roof of Johnnie's mouth. He moaned as the tongue was suddenly thrust toward the back of his throat.

His hand ran down over Dave's flesh until he felt contact with his

hugeness. Taking it in his fingers, he began to massage his friend. His small fingers slid up and down on the sensitive flesh----teasing it----manipulating it, in order to bring about the desired sensations of lust.

Dave began to moan with urgency. Slowly, he undulated his middle.

"Oh, baby," he whispered, pulling Johnnie's frail body tightly into his arms. "I'm going to love you forever!" His mouth plunged back down on Johnnie's waiting lips.

Johnnie's body trembled as he began reacting to his lover's hungry mouth. Quickly his pulse quickened into a pounding rhythm, echoing through his bloodstream and heating up the flesh between his thighs. He groaned.

He was happily imprisoned by Dave's strong grip; crushed----against his hard, muscular chest. He groaned again.

His body tingled as Dave's fingers explored their way over his quivering flesh. He shook from the contact and felt little goose bumps break out all over him as Dave's hands made paths of love up and down his body. He felt his hunger hardening, strengthening, rising toward fever pitch.

Deep inside himself, in anticipation of delights to come, he felt his body warming. His breath labored, and rattled around----through his lungs. His loins were burning.

"Now, Johnnie." It was more of a request than a statement.

"Now," came the reply.

Johnnie turned over onto his belly, eager to submit himself totally. Trembling with need, he parted his thighs and raised himself into the air. On his elbows and knees, he waited for Dave to come to him.

Immediately, he felt the huge, hot hands rubbing gently over his exposed bottom. He quivered all the more as those wonderful

hands caressed his trembling skin.

Then, he felt Dave's thumbs probing the most sensitive, private part of his body----seeking entrance----moving deeper. Then, suddenly, they were gone.

He heard Dave spitting into his palm. Then he felt that palm being rubbed against his own waiting, eager flesh----lubricating it before the delightful assault.

He leaped as he felt the burning hotness of his lover, suddenly against him. Holding his breath, he waited for Dave to begin penetrating him.

Dave's stiffness pressed gently against Johnnie's vulnerable----flesh. Johnnie could feel Dave's palms, sticky against his thighs.

Slowly, the hot roughness slid around his body to come together on his throbbing flesh.

Suddenly, white-hot pain seared Johnnie's flesh as Dave lunged----forcing his way into the other boy's body. Gasping and gritting his teeth against the agony, Johnnie arched himself, determined to accept the onslaught, wanting to give his all.

"Gently, sweetheart," he was urged. "Let's take things slowly, this time."

He felt his belly being tenderly massaged by one huge hand while the other squeezed his throbbing maleness. He sighed and forced himself to proceed slowly so as not to spoil things. With each forward motion, he

drew back as far----until their bodies were almost separate again. Then, he would push in again, progressing just a little further. Dave could feel Johnnie's muscles gripping at his flesh and squeezing tightly around it,---- more tightly with each successive stroke.

He sighed pleasurably as he settled into a rhythm of stroking. Timing his whole body to that one beat, he fondled his lover with his fingers while he moved his body back and forth.

Finally, the domination was complete. Dave had achieved complete mastery over Johnnie's taut, young flesh. He lunged forward again and again, banging his flesh hotly against his lover's bottom.

Staying down inside of Johnnie for a minute, Dave then withdrew his entire shaft. Only the monstrous head remained inside the boy's flesh.

Then----his muscles tensed---- flexing involuntarily----again and again. Ripples of flesh crinkled and quivered as he plunged, moaning with ecstasy, into Johnnie.

Crying, the boy rose to meet him. Their bodies slammed together, Johnnie's yielding bottom banging into Dave's hard hip bones. Johnnie grunted as the breath was knocked from his lungs.

In and out----in and out he went, thrusting forward and pulling back. His hand gripped the boy's hardness, pressing tightly, squeezing in rhythm with his own throbbing passion.

Johnnie felt his muscles giving----stretching. He felt his entire body opening up, it seemed, to receive and accept Dave's love. All thoughts of pain and discomfort were gone now as he yielded himself completely, totally, to the feeling he loved best in the whole world----the feeling of being one with his lover.

"Oh, Dave! Give it to me! Give it to me until I can't stand it anymore. I want it all! I want everything you have!"

"Yes," Dave gasped in return. "I'm going to give it to you. I'm going to really turn you on. This is going to be a session you'll never forget as long as you live. This is going to be the best ever. You're going to get it like you never had it before!"

Panting and gasping, the two men banged heavily into each other until----

"I'm coming!" Dave screamed, "I can't hold back any longer! I'm coming----Now!"

Johnnie screamed with delight as Dave exploded inside of him, filling his guts with liquid fire, spurting the hot stream of liquid. He felt his guts melt as the warmth spread rapidly across his belly and up to his diaphragm, relaxing it. His body shook with uncontrollable, violent spasms as he gave himself over, completely, to the momentary madness of completion.

"Dave! I'm coming!"

Dave's hand cupped itself around the boy's pulsating hardness, in anticipation of catching the hot, liquid prize.

When he shot into his hand, Dave smeared the sticky hotness across his lover's belly. He massaged it into his flesh as he pressed his palm into Johnnie's yielding belly.

"Again! I'm coming again," Dave yelled as his long ramrod jerked inside the boy, preparatory to exploding again.

Johnnie screamed as more liquid fire shot through him, erupting high inside his twitching belly, swelling it with the proof of Dave's love.

Their sweat----slippery bodies rubbed slickly against each other, sliding wildly around and making loud, slapping sounds. Dave's hands moved up to Johnnie's infantile nipples. He began rubbing

them with his index fingers, pressing as he twisted his lover's delicate points of flesh around----sideways----up and down---turning----twisting.

His nipples stiffened and swelled, just like his manhood. The flesh tingled.

Strangely, the outside of his body felt cold. Inside, however, the pressures were building. His desire was rising toward a second explosion. He could feel the heat spreading outward in slow, long waves, like fingers of lust. They moved over the flatness of his belly and all the way down into his groin. It was building now----gathering force----and, an instant later, he felt a familiar twitching and then the skyrockets, as he exploded into Dave's hand.

The hand came carefully around to his bottom. Supporting his weight, Dave lifted himself. With a single, liquid sound their bodies became suddenly separated. Then, Dave's fingers massaged the smooth flesh.

Dave pulled his body back, without moving his fingers from Johnnie's groin. He bent his head to the boy's exposed flesh and began to lap at the liquid which bore evidence to their recent lovemaking. As he ran his tongue gently, lovingly over the rounded surface of Johnnie's flesh, the boy wiggled his slender, damp bottom and sighed happily. Dave worked his mouth closer to the base of Johnnie's manhood, lapping the whole area clean like a kitten, finishing its milk.

With a sigh, Johnnie lay down on the softness of the pine needles and rolled himself over onto his back. His belly and thighs, still moist with the remains of his excitement were exposed to Dave's wandering tongue.

The broad----pink muscle moved expertly----thrusting outward, stroking damp flesh then pulling back. Johnnie trembled from one end to the other with the pleasure of the caress.

Now, that tongue moved as though by plan----inching its way closer to its target----teasing and toying with its objective.

Stopping just short of it, Dave decided to do a thorough job of cleaning the bush. Gathering saliva into his mouth, he dribbled it over the matted hairs. When he'd

loosened the stickiness from some of the hairs, he sucked on some of them. Johnnie mumbled inaudibly as the tender flesh was pulled by the hairs that got stuck between Dave's teeth. Deep inside himself, he loved what was happening.

Idly, his small hand came down and began caressing the dark head of his expressive lover. Affectionately he stroked back the individual hairs that persisted in falling across his sweaty brow into his eyes.

"Dear, sweet David," he whispered. "You are so good to me. I love you!"

In a few moments, Dave raised his head. Sighing, he looked Johnnie in the eye. He smiled. Johnnie's hand caressed again the tumbled hair on his massive head.

"I love you, David. You are my life."

Still smiling, Dave leaned forward.

Their lips met in an affectionate passion of twining tongues.

Dave pushed his tongue into Johnnie's mouth, feeling around across the ridged hardness of his palate before thrusting his tongue into his lover's throat.

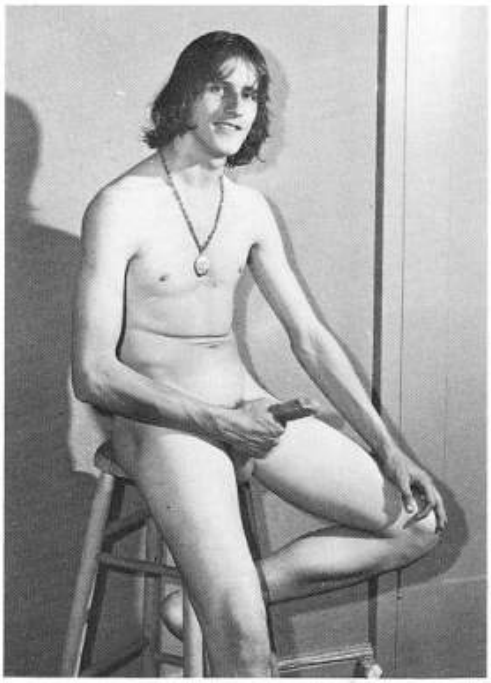
For a long moment they clung to each other before breaking away.

"Come on, passionate little one," Dave said, rising and holding out his hand, "let's go eat. I don't know about you, but all this unexpected exercise has given me a ravenous appetite."

Leaping to his feet with the help of the extended hand, Johnnie rose also. Going back to the pool they gathered their clothes. Still naked, they walked up the path to the cabin with their arms around each other.

# MODEL FOR HIRE

*by Paul Norris*



*MODEL FOR HIRE may be routine in conception, but it is well-told, and the sex is fast, exciting, continuous, and should be a satisfaction to any size-queen. It builds up suspense in the promise of a super-scene at the end. How satisfying that super-scene is will depend entirely on how jaded the reader is, how far he has gone into reading about, or otherwise investigating, specialized trips. Build-up can be a dangerous thing in a story, for, if the author leads the reader to expect something different from what he gets, there can be a let-down; but I think that readers who are not into S-M and other far-out trips, will not be disappointed.*

*The narrator is a glutton for sex, and the young man who visits him is the choiciest morsel yet....*

Jon lay back against the couch and let the morning sun seep into his firm, hard body, as he drank his first cup of coffee. He loved to greet the morning in the nude, especially on bright, sunny days such as this one. The feel of the sun's rays penetrating his tanned, rippled skin aroused him intensely, especially when the sun beat into his cock and pubic hair.

That's what he really loved about it, watching the hair glint in the sun as the heat slowly awakened his long, thick cock. More often than not, he was violently jacking off by his second cup of coffee, watching the come shoot brightly into the morning. But today he decided to save it.

The previous night had been exhaustive, and so, with a couple of affectionate strokes, he threw on his pants and a tight jersey and went downstairs to the studio. Jon really had it made, everything an ardent gay could want. He owned his own male model studio, and he had turned it into one of the most successful in the business, and not just in terms of money, either. The amount of come spilled on those beautiful teak floors would be enough to float the place.

Only the previous night, Jon had thrown a small party for a model who had just landed his first role in a new high-budget gay film. Perhaps eight or ten people were present, and they all gathered in the screening room to watch some newly-acquired stag films which Jon had brought back from New York.

The films were in color, and dripping with sex. Everyone sat in the charged darkness watching the long, beautiful cocks on the screen jerk and shoot their come into hungry, waiting mouths. Zippers were pulled, and soon the room was filled with the sound of rustling clothes and very heavy breathing. As soon as the films ended, Jon switched on the lights catching everybody in various stages of un-dress. But everybody had a hard-on, and they glistened in the light.

Jon dropped his pants, revealing an immense cock, throbbing with passion. He stroked it slowly and then smiled as a young man knelt before him and swallowed it. The party was just beginning, and by the time it was over, everyone had had so much cock they could hardly talk. But Jon was somehow insatiable that night. After everyone had left, he sat nude in his sundeck feeling the moonlight around him, and shot one last load into the night.

This morning there was something in the air. Jon wandered anxiously around the studio, adjusting equipment and checking lights. He had no definite appointment with anyone, yet he felt there was something happening, and the excitement of an unknown occurrence caused his groin to twitch with vague anticipation. It was the kind of day that held a promise of unspecified excitements; Jon, of course, interpreted this as sexual, yet he had no real basis for his feelings. Just an experienced gay boy's intuition, and that, as Jon had learned over the years, was really quite accurate.

He ran quickly up the stairs to the second floor, and perused the floor of his studio. Then he checked the film cameras which he kept loaded and ready in case a film assignment came up. Jan liked films; the promise of action always made films an exciting prospect. Not too many came his way, however, and he thought now that the time was right for film-making.

At that moment, the door swung open, and a young, lean stud walked in, his shirt unbuttoned, and his pants stretched tight around the biggest basket Jon had seen in some time. His breath whistled as he gasped at the sight of it. The young man leaned back against the door, his thighs thrust out and smiled at Jon.

"I'm Lance," he said.

That's a good name, thought Jon, unable to take his eyes off the young man's crotch.

"What can I do for you?" asked Jon.

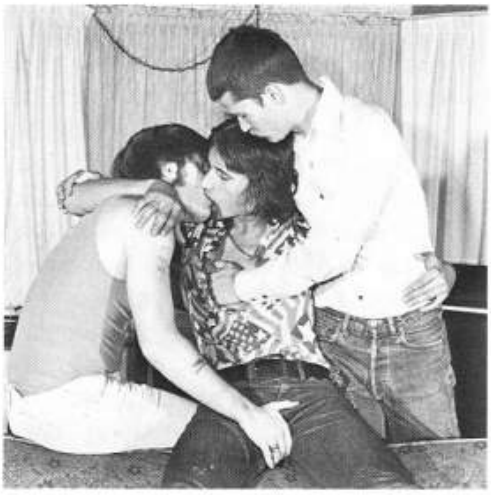
Lance walked across the studio floor to the stairs and swung his

body onto the staircase. Jon licked his lips as the young man approached. He could almost smell his cock. He wanted to watch it uncoil like a great snake. As he neared Jon, Lance extended his hand, and they shook.

"I need a photographer," said Lance. "I heard you're a good one."

"I'm sensitive to my subject," smiled Jon. "What sort of project do you have in mind?"

Lance smiled and settled into a deck chair between two movie cameras. As he extended his legs, his cock seemed to hang all the way to his knees. Jon could see the outline of its broad head through the thin material of his pants. His own cock started to rise. He felt it starting to throb with desire. He knew he had to have this man, no matter what.



He couldn't let that lovely cock get away.

"We will need these," said Lance, patting the movie cameras. "We're going to make a movie."

"Great," said Jon, "What of?"

"Oh, a club meeting, you might say. I belong to a rather special club, and we want to have one of our meetings on film. You understand."

"Of course," answered Jon.

"Good," said Lance. "Then it's settled?"

"Sure. Oh, by the way, what kind of club is it?"

Lance smiled. "Well, that's our little secret. You'll find out the night of the job. Think you can handle it?"

"I'm flexible," smiled Jon. "I can usually handle whatever comes up."

"I'm sure you can. See you tomorrow night."

Jon walked Lance to the door, keeping a few steps behind so he could watch that beautiful tight ass slinking in front of him like two ripe young moons. He

thought of his cock buried between those lovely cheeks, and his cock strained against the confines of his pants. They reached the door and Jon leaned forward to open it.

"About seven," said Lance, shaking hands.

"Fine," said Jon, and the door closed behind Lance.

His hands slipped down to his cock as he thought of Lance's endless cock. Something *was* in the air. Soon it would be in his mouth.

The following day passed agonizingly. The minutes seemed to drag, and even though Jon's day was filled with well-hung handsome models, his mind was on Lance. Somehow, none of these men could match him. But the strain was more than he could take. By the afternoon he eagerly dropped his load into a waiting mouth, knowing full well that by the evening he would have another hot load waiting. The nature of the club gnawed at him. He wanted to know what it was, and the anticipation was nearly unbearable. He was aroused as never before. Only twenty minutes after the young model sucked his cock dry and left it limp, Jon felt it rise again when he thought of Lance. It was unbelievable.

By six Jon was pacing the studio like a caged tiger. Another hour seemed like an eternity. He tried to comfort his frustration by glancing at some of his nude photographs, but that only made it worse. None of them had Lance's equipment. His cock, which had been in a perpetual state of semi-erection all day, twitched in his pants, and he gently stroked it. When seven o'clock finally came, Jon was anxiously packing up the equipment, every now and then glancing at the door to see if Lance had arrived. Two minutes after seven, Lance walked in, and his cock looked bigger than ever.

"Hi," said Lance. "Ready?"

"Yeah, sure," said Jon.

"Groovy."

Lance smiled his enigmatic, seductive smile and snapped his body like a whip as he moved through the room. Jon was struggling with the cameras, and Lance bent to help him.

"I'm in a hurry," smiled Lance. "Aren't you?"

The "clubhouse" was a rather grand old estate, located in the hills outside of the city. They pulled up the front driveway, and, as Jon stared at the bright lights shining through the windows, he felt a great excitement. He was certain this would be no ordinary assignment. They unloaded the equipment and went inside.

The room seemed oddly late Victorian, as if it were part of some furtive, underground sex cult that held great, bizarre orgies while the city slept. Jon started setting up the equipment while Lance wandered into another room. Soon the room started filling up with people. Lance returned with a couple of men, then four or five more showed up. Jon couldn't believe his eyes.

It was indeed some kind of cult. All of the men were dressed in black tights, with an opening in the crotch which allowed their cocks to hang free. They walked about like that, in various stages of erection while Jon attempted to concentrate on the cameras.

Only Lance was still dressed in street clothes, and Jon imagined what he would look like wearing tights with that great, beautiful cock swinging free. Suddenly, Lance raised his hand, and the room quieted. He smiled at Jon.

"Ready?"

Jon nodded, and made a few minor adjustments on the two movie cameras which were now trained on the group.

"I told you it was a surprise,

Jon. Well, here it is. We're a very special club, you see. A blow-job club. We have contests to see who can hold out the longest. Kind of a gang-suck. We thought it'd be nice on film."

Jon licked his lips. "Anytime, gentlemen."

The action started almost immediately. Hands grasped waiting cocks and pumped them hard. Suddenly, people hit the floor, and their heads bobbed in and out as long, hard cocks travelled the length of their throats. Some cocks began to glow with saliva and come. Moans filled the air. Jon kept the cameras whirring, fondling himself all the while. His cock hurt in his pants. It wanted out. Lance wandered through the room observing the action. No one had come, yet. A moment passed, and then a low, desperate cry announced a hot load of come being emptied in someone's mouth. The sucker took every drop, and some of it ran down his chin. One by one, they all dropped their loads. Only Lance was left.

"What about you?" asked Jon.

Lance smiled, and walked over to Jon, stopping right in front of him. He unbuttoned his pants, releasing his mammoth weapon. It shot out of his pants like a cannon.

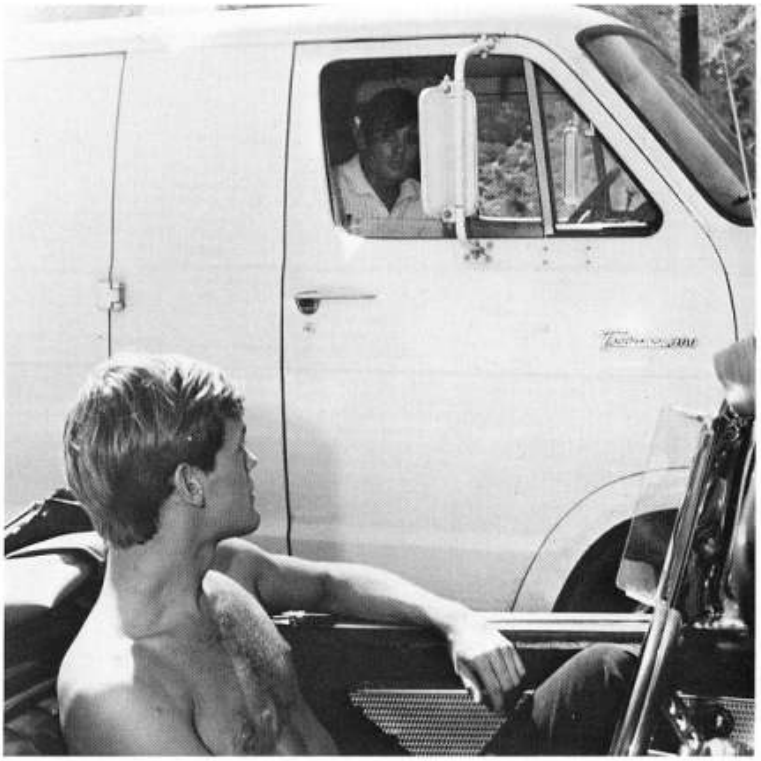
"Now, it's your turn," smiled Lance.

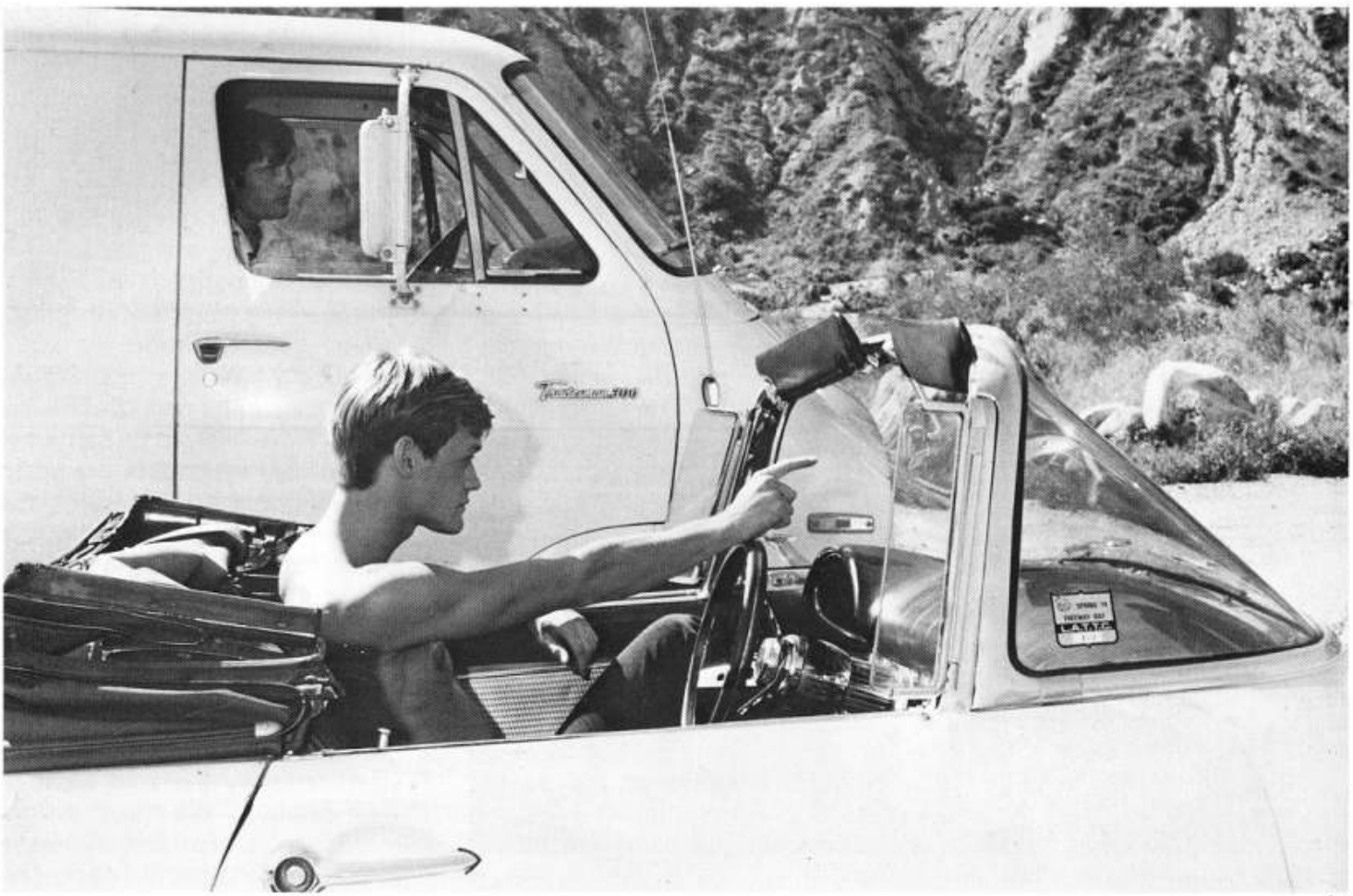
Jon dropped to his knees. Someone turned on the cameras. Slowly he let the great shaft enter him. It filled his mouth. He sucked in long, full strokes, feeling the flesh of it everywhere in his mouth. Lance moaned and arched his body, thrusting out his thighs. The cock went deeper into Jon's throat. Lance's lovely pubic hair brushed against his nose. The cameras turned.

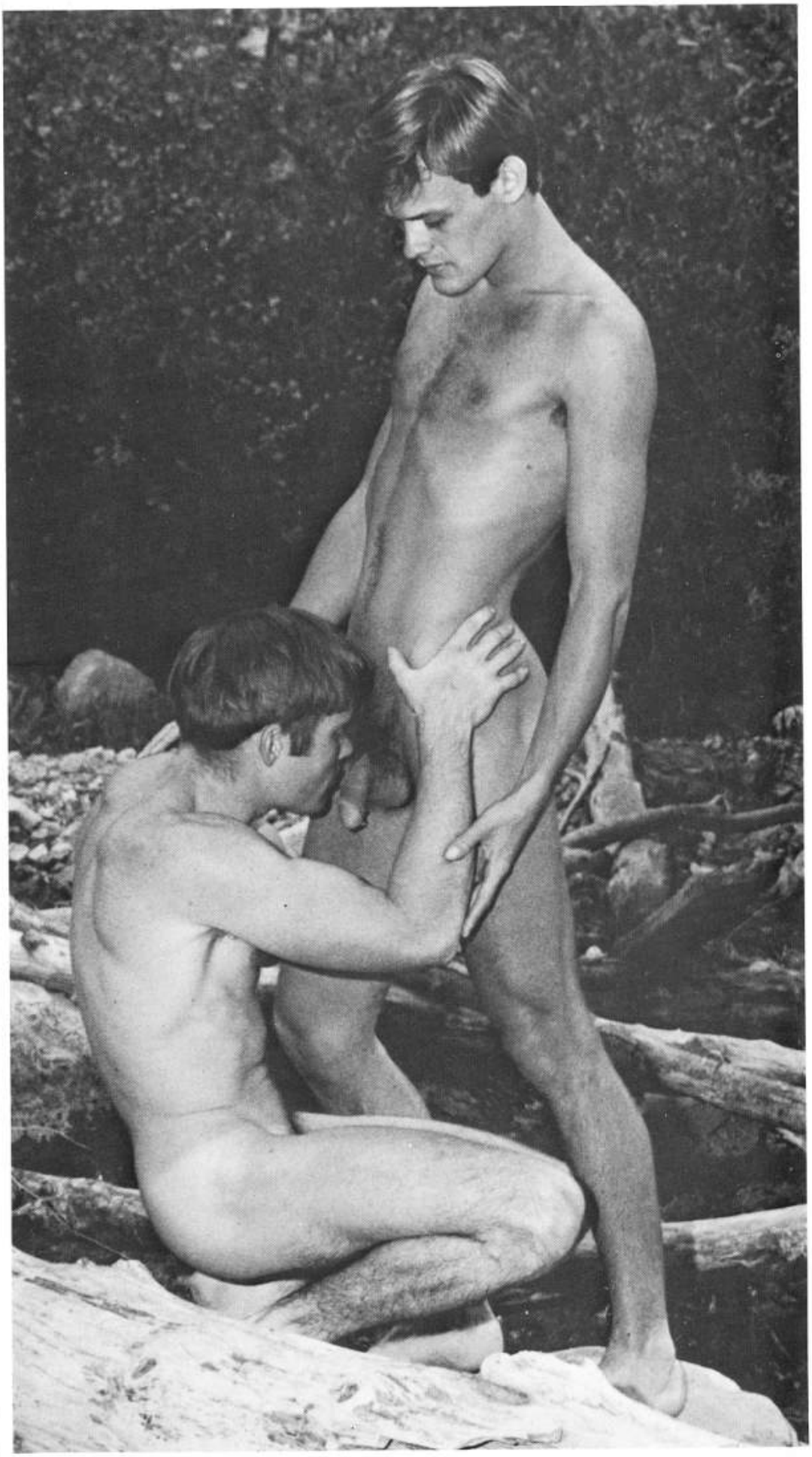
In his mind, Jon smiled as he ate that lovely piece of meat. It was definitely the best assignment ever. Surprises----always came in such large, hot packages.

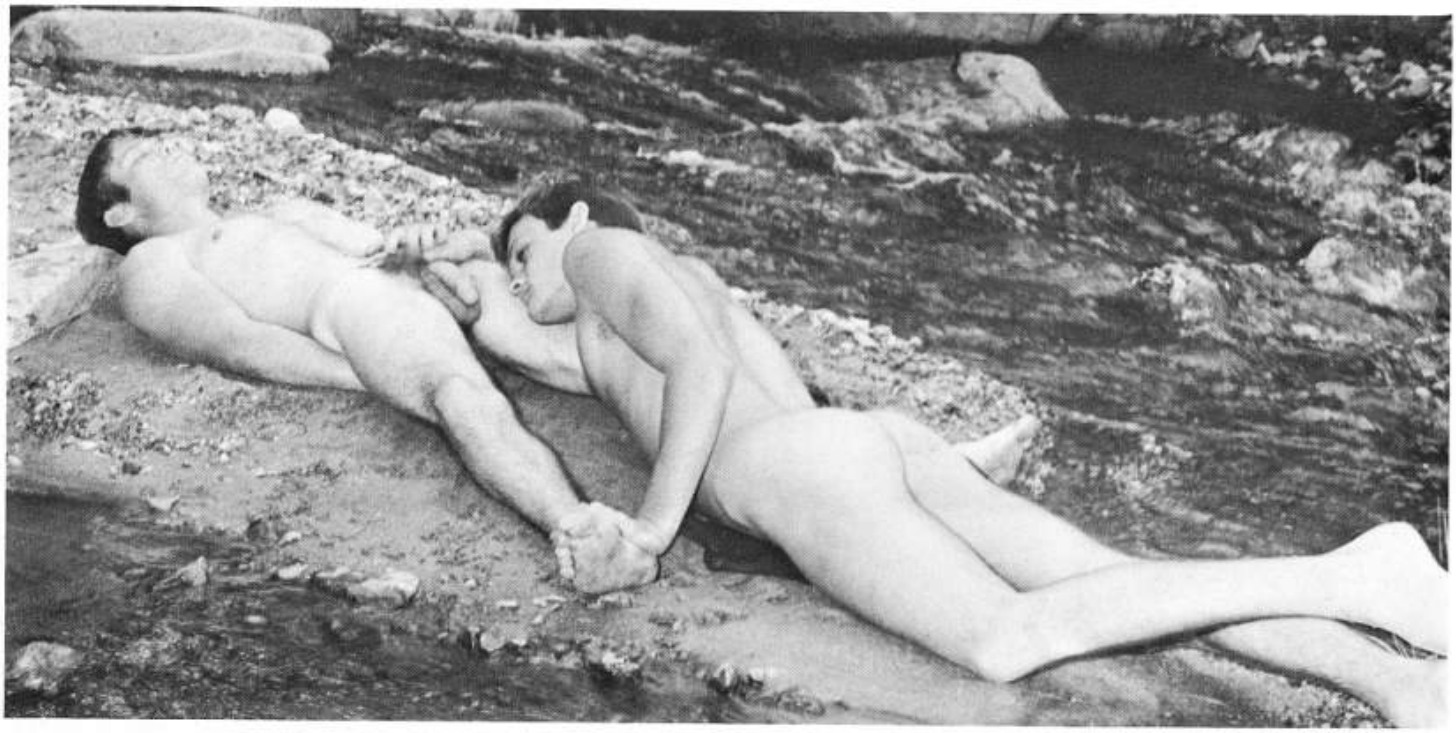
# RIVER INTERLUDE

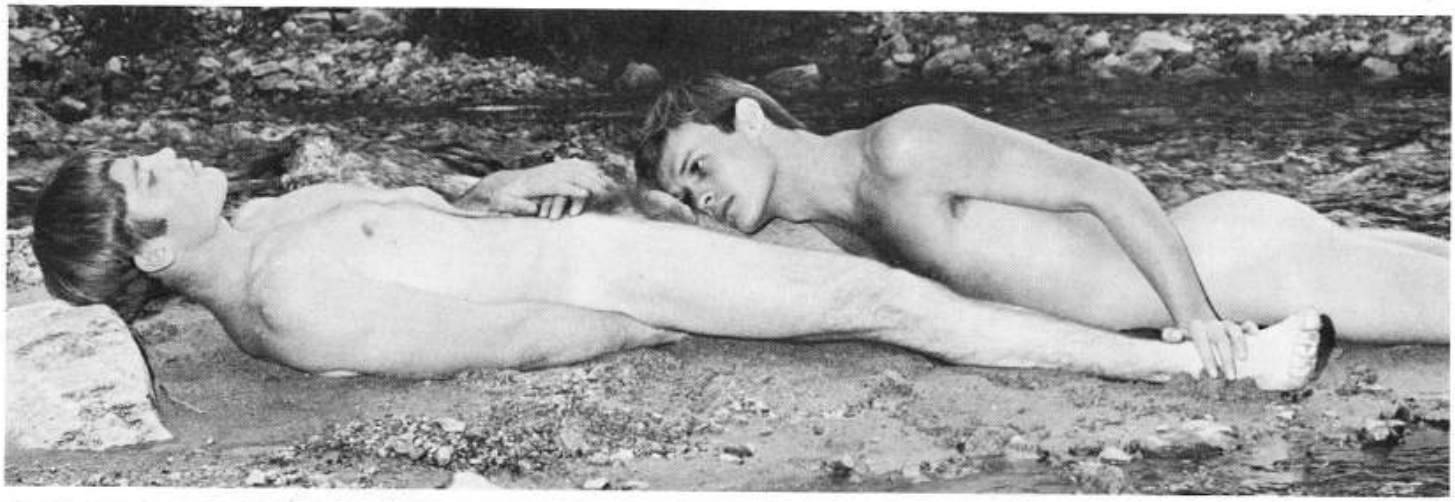
## *A ROMANCE IN PHOTOS*











# THE GREEN MONKEY

*by Phil Andros*

*THE GREEN MONKEY by Phil Andros (the name means "man lover" in Greek), is of a different quality entirely from our other stories. Though Andros was considered a hot writer indeed, when most of his stories first appeared in European Gay periodicals, at a time when any mention of homosex was considered obscene, he can now be regarded as a writer of classic stature, with exciting style, plenty of spunk, an amazing mind, and an unusually fine eye. His surveys of the hustling scene, and of the many fascinating characters he finds on the streets of America, are without equal.*

---

I gave a good strong tug on the bootstrap across my left instep to pull it tight enough to the proper hole, and the strap snapped apart and came off in my hand. It's annoying enough to break a shoelace----although I hadn't worn shoe-laces for some years----but you can put a knot in them easily enough. Let's see, you tie a bootstrap. I looked angrily down at the broken leather, and then glanced at my wrist watch. Five forty-two, late Saturday afternoon----and this my only pair of boots. Saturday evening in San Francisco lay ahead----and who ever heard of anyone making a score while wearing ordinary shoes? Besides, the only pair I had was the patent leather slippers I wore on my bellboy's job at the St. Francisc Hotel,----and----wouldn't they look just ducky with tight levis and a black leather jacket?

For a moment I considered going barefoot into the bars, and up and down Market Street looking for tricks. Then I decided that would make me a Yippie,----although I couldn't think, offhand, of what charge the cops might bring against you. Indecent exposure would hardly hold up in court. And you were scarcely contributing to anyone's delinquency by appearing barefoot, nor were you soliciting, or engaged in rape. Oh, they'd find something no doubt....

I looked around at my cheerless little room at the Embarcadero YMCA, allegedly the largest Christian whorehouse on the West Coast. Perhaps it might better be called a studhouse, or a peghouse----because there were not any physiological women there except the maids. And whorehouses generally suggest the exchange of money----a thing that usually did not happen at the Embarcadero. It was all right for a hustler to live there, but you couldn't make a living on the premises. At the Embarcadero everything was done for love.

"Damnation," I said. Five forty-five. Completely frustrated, I got up from the bed and looked out the window to the court. And then I remember that my eye, without registering it consciously, had frequently seen a small shoe repair shop between the Embarcadero Y and Market Street, three blocks away. I put on my jacket, picked up my motor-cycle cap, and left.

A bell fastened to the door jingled when I went into the shoe shop. I stood at the counter waiting for the proprietor to show up; he was probably in the back room. The mingled odors of leather, shoe polish, machine oil, and the sharp undertone of metal made an attractive smell in the place. I breathed deeply, feeling a little stimulated as I always did when the odor of leather was strong.

The owner came in from the back room. "Yoh," he said, "what can I do for you?"

It was quite a surprise, and I wondered how it happened that I'd never seen him through the window while passing. He was about my age and height,---- around twenty-eight, and maybe an inch shorter than my own six feet, but very compact. He had on a dark tee-shirt, the sleeves of which were stretched almost to rip-point around his big arms. A real handsome stud.

Funny how you can spot a club member anywhere. This cat looked manly enough, and his arms and face were dirty, but under the grease and the black streaks from his work, there was something else. He looked at me and I caught a small flash of recognition, quickly pressed back into nothingness.

"I busted my boot strap," I said, holding up the three-inch piece of leather. He leaned over the counter and looked down at my boot. I noticed the hot sweaty smell of his armpits and some vague and sexual odor from his hair.

"Sure did," he said. "Hard to fix."

"Can you sew it together?" I

asked.

"It's late," he said. "I usually close at six o'clock."

"Look, man," I said. "I'm kinda desperate. How'm I gonna get the rent money if I don't go out and hustle tonight? And who can feel right with a busted boot-strap? Course, I know not too many people would notice it----"

"Ah, more than you think, man," he said. He was still looking at the boot, and he rubbed his chin with his dirty hand, leaving more black on his face. But he was grinning.

"Can you fix it then?" I asked.

"Not by sewing it together," he said. "I'd have to cut a whole new strap and sew that on the boot."

"Much trouble?" I said.

"Not too much," he said. "Cost you a buck."

"I'll give you two," I said.

He motioned me to a chair at the side of the shop. "Sit down there and take the boot off," he said. "For a guy who's broke, you are mighty generous with what's left."

"I'll make it back" I said, grinning. I sat down and took off the boot and handed it to him. I put my white wool sock down on a piece of newspaper. He took the boot and turned towards the counter. There was a mirror at the end of the room. His back was turned to me, but in the mirror I saw him raise the boot to his nose and take a deep breath from the end of it. It was all done very smoothly. Then he reached the counter and turned, and his blue eyes were innocent and calm.

I looked at him, speculatively. Of late, I'd found myself having a little flurry once in a while if I saw something that tickled my fancy---a free flurry, that is, without charging the guy anything. I guess, as I got deeper and deeper into the life, I was getting to be more and more a mixed type. Anyway, I liked my free falls to have muscles, too, at least as many as I did, maybe more, and this guy seemed to fill the bill. And I was also a little intrigued by that glance in the mirror. I'd never yet run into a real boot-queen, or foot fetishist, or whatever it was that he was.

He was all business at the counter. I watched him working. His big, square hands were quick and efficient; there was no clumsiness or wasted movement. He did not look up at me. He was certainly absorbed. Well----happy the man whose work is a pleasure for him, and what better job for a foot-lover than his own shoe repair shop?

It took him about ten minutes, and then he came around the counter and handed me the boot. He held it by the heel, cupped in his hand, almost lovingly. I took it from him and looked at him. There was a strange look in his blue eyes; they seemed darker now than the corn-flower color they had been earlier.

"Thanks,----man----you're the best," I said, pulling the boot on. The holes had been punched just right for me. I stood up and stomped the boot once on the floor, and hitched up my pants.

He watched me, smiling a little. I pulled out two bucks, and passed them to him. He reached out thumb and forefinger and took one of them.

"That's enough," he said, and grinned. The teeth were real white.

I decided I'd give it a chance. "You busy Monday night?" I asked.

"I keep open until eight on Mondays," he said. "After that----no." He looked a little puzzled.

It was my turn to grin. "How's about my droppin' around?" I said. "I'd like to show my appreciation for your doin' me this favor. Maybe we can have a drink somewhere or knock off a piece or find somethin' to do." I pulled a favorite trick of mine on him, running in the words without any special inflection, burying the proposition between a drink and a vague 'something'. Then, I'd see how long it took for the auditory 'double-take' to be made. One second or less----high IQ. Three seconds----don't bother.

He was practically a genius

rating. It didn't take him any time at all. He looked at the floor, and then up at me, and said, "Sure." He looked composed enough. But suddenly I noticed the edge of a scarlet tide rising from his neck. On his white skin, the effect was remarkable. It crept slowly up his throat, passed the strong jaw-line, and flooded the cheeks and the butch nose, and, finally, the forehead with bright crimson. He looked again at the floor, or I thought he did, until it occurred to me he was looking at my boots.

"That's a real maidenly blush," I said, sardonically. "Guy like you ought to be used to propositions, you're good lookin' enough."

He looked up again into my face, and laughed. "I'll never learn to control the reflexes," he said. "Besides, what you said---- well, I didn't expect it." He stuck out one of his big hands. I grabbed it, and we squeezed each other hard, like a couple of muscle-men. Real buddy-buddy butch stuff. The ban Band. Foreign Legion.

He said, "Y-you may be surprised at what I like."

I let go his hand. "Not me," I said, turning towards the door. I grinned at him. "It's been some time since my feet got a good goin' over, and I'm lookin' forward."

I flicked my finger against my cap-brim, and went out. He was standing quite still, except that as I looked through the window, I saw that his mouth had opened a little in astonishment, and his face was white again. I waggled my upraised hand at him, and passed beyond his line of sight.

That Saturday night was maybe the wildest I'd ever had. I hadn't been out very long until I noticed the heavy leather smell that enveloped me every time I stood still, or sat down. And it got stronger as the evening turned into the night, and my progress through the bars grew drunker. It smelled as if I had just opened a leather factory, and was trying to wear all my production schedule at once.

Needless to say, I was a sensation----especially in the leather bars. They flocked around me like flies around honey, buzzing. I had three ten-buck tricks in less than three hours, without any loss of fuel reserves at all. And, finally, when I undressed for the fourth time, I located the source of the smell. I examined my boots under a bright light, and found several little oily spots, one inside each boot in the heel, one outside on each instep. My nose told me----it was some sort of concentrated essence of leather. Wait until Monday night, I thought, when I see my lil ole bootmaker, and rub his nose in it. Naturally, I didn't mind the trick he'd played; I even appreciated the joke----and look at the money I'd hauled in!

It was about five after eight Monday evening when I jingled his doorbell again. He was bending over the counter and he looked up. A little half-smile crooked his full, red lips.

"Well," he said, "the Ostler himself. You have a good time Saturday?"

"You bastard," I said, but I was smiling. "You oughta know, Cobbler, after makin' me smell like a tannery. Just what is that stuff, anyway?"

He laughed. "A leather concentrate," he said. "Manufacturers use it to pep up the smell of new leather. Very expensive, but very effective."

"Yeah," I said. "I know."

He closed the drawer of the cash register, and went off to wash his hands and forearms at a bowl in the back room. I followed him and watched him while he dried off. It was a junky kind of back room.

"Let's get the hell outa here," he said, "and go up to my place. You eaten?"

"Yeah," I said.

He drove a beat-up old Thunderbird, with the top down, and started up Market towards Twin Peaks. It was one of those wonderful San Francisco evenings, that you find hard to believe. All day the air had been crisp and cool and sunny, and, in the just-arrived twilight everything was

soft and grey and luminous. The colors of the city had darkened a little, and the water of the bay behind us, as we drove up Market Street, had turned black-blue and romantic. The yellow sodium lights of the Oakland bridge were just beginning to come on, and, as we drove on and got higher, the city began to look like----well, yes, like a carpet of jewels rolled out over the hills. Off to the left, the fog was coming in, filling the valley and slowly fanning out.

"Swell night," I said.

He agreed. "Where you from?" I asked.

"Down around L.A.," he said.

He was a kind of odd guy, all right. He had belonged to one of those once-militant homo groups, all tied up in fighting for 'rights', and, in the early days, doing a lot of good, but now watered down considerably to giving flute concerts and holding picnics. Besides, there was little to fight for anymore.

"When they found out what my specialty was," he said, "they asked me to give up my membership. They kicked out several sado-masochists at the same time. Said none of us was a True Homosexual. No room in their group for fetishists, or----or deviationists from the Revealed Religion. I argued a little----said I liked male feet only, but it was no use. They'd lost their sense of humor. If you worked in their winery, you had to soak corks according to their directions. Anything else was out."

"Too bad they couldn't stand off from themselves and look at what they do from a hetero's viewpoint," I said. "I hear they're dead set against hustlin', too. They might be a little more tolerant of the variations on the theme."

I led the talk into several areas around himself. I was curious about the origins of his 'complex' and asked him. He talked freely, and told me a good deal. It was all tied up with dear old dad, who used to be a telephone linesman, and the spikes he'd worn on his boots, and the boots themselves, redolent with *bacilli epidermidis et saprogenes* and *penicillium glaucum,* the same kind exactly that worked on the outer skin of Camembert cheese, and had I ever noticed....? It was so bad for him for a while, that he was always walking with his head

down, looking at the feet which passed; "I got so I hardly knew the color of the sky," he said. "I'd go through all the rest of it just to get at a guy's feet.... And---" he laughed----"you can't imagine the shock of having someone say he had a touch of athlete's foot. It was like an ordinary homo confessing he had the clap just before you crawled in bed with him. Or, maybe you got hold of someone who was too ticklish in the pedals."

"What's the foot represent for you?" I asked, like an inquiring reporter.

He shrugged. "It gradually became the most important part of my imaginary hero," he said. "Maybe a symbol of subjection or of energy." He looked at me. "Would that make me a masochist?"

"Maybe," I said, noncommittally. I was beyond my depth. "Maybe you'll grow into one. You're a bit tangled right now."

"Yeah," he said. "I know." He hooked an arm farther out the window. I reached over and squeezed his solid thigh. He glanced at me.

Well, it worked out fine. We had a couple of drinks when we got to his apartment----a nice masculine one, with no chi-chi. A big sculptured foot and ankle stood on a small pedestal; there were several drawings of feet or barefooted men framed on the walls. It didn't take us long to make the scene. Karl (we finally got around to names), went right to the foot of the bed and stayed there quite a long time, enjoying himself and nearly driving me nuts.

It had been several years since I'd had that done to me, and I had forgotten how good it felt. Karl was an artist at it. The first gentle touch was delicate as the brush of a butterfly wing, and then there was a tentative little humming-bird kiss on the tip of each toe. After that came a firmer pressure, a figure-eighting in and around the toes, complicated as a country dance pattern. And, finally, the rough burr of the tongue against the soles and around the heel. As things grew more intense, at the peak of my lust, I bent my toes down into his mouth, clamping his lower teeth and gums tightly.... After about----twenty minutes of such treatment I was sensitized and frantic, and more excited than I had been in years.

I reached down for him, and could get no purchase on his short blond hair, so I hooked my fingers under the edge of his jaw, and hauled his head up toward mine, and turned him over. I was panting as if I had run a race. And, then because I was so excited, groaning with eagerness, I took him violently and painfully, so that he cried out, and his low howl of pain echoed against the shutters and fled frightened----around the quiet room....

I had Karl for several months,

and frequently dropped into his shop to pass the time of day, and to avail myself of his specialized services. To tell the truth, I liked it----and found the little trap of sensuality closing around me, as it had a couple of times before----that guy in Tijuana who made the rose petals, as the French say, for example.

I was also amazed to see how scientifically Karl approached his obsession, or whatever it must be called. He knew and could name the six or seven kinds of bacilli and bacteria that inhabited the regions which he loved----a special kind for the surface, another for the interstices, another for the nails, and so on. And he knew the way to distinguish the two dangerous and pathogenic ones, which you must avoid.

"What kind do I have mostly?" I asked him one day as I got up from the reclining chair in his back room, and sat down on a stool to put my boots and socks back on.

"The usual healthy male's kind, the kind athletes have," he said. *"Bacillus epidermidis.* Harmless and pleasant and sexual----to me, at any rate."

I gave a mild snort. "Athlete!" I said. "Bedroom athlete, no other kind. I'm too lazy."

Karl grinned. "You may come to it later when the flab begins to appear," he said. "Of course, I will admit that screwing is very good for the back and shoulder muscles, keeps the stomach flat, and also develops the arms."

"Yeah," I said. "Keeps the pocketbook flat, too, unless you happen to be in my kind of racket." I had never taken any money from Karl, nor had I asked him for any. Somehow it seemed wrong in this case, when I liked what he did so much.

Meanwhile, life went on. I was still working as a bellhop at the St. Francis, and occasionally finding services other than bag-carrying demanded of me. I kept living at the Embarcadero, largely

because of the convenience and the cheapness of it----and, sometimes, there was an encounter there, too----for free----in the dark and steamy shower rooms, dark because the bulb had either been loosened deliberately, or else removed or broken on purpose.

I got into the habit of stopping at Karl's place about twice a week, and then, one Monday his door was closed and locked. It stayed that way all week. On Monday of the second week, there was a small sign stuck in the door, from the outside: 'Closed on account of sickness. For information, call 848-6811.'

I called. The voice was that of an older man with a German accent. "What's the matter with Karl?" I asked.

"Ach----bad accident. Fight on street----bad kids."

My heart began to beat a little heavily. "Where is he?" I asked.

"Golden Gate Hospital," said the old, tired voice.

I thanked him, hung up, and then called the hospital to inquire about the visiting hours. There was just time enough to make the evening ones, if I didn't bother to shower and clean up.

I got into a taxi and gave the address to the driver, and sat back, thinking. In the few months I had known Karl, I had seen the progress of his fetish or obsession; he had come more and more into masochistic terrain, from whose dark and uncertain shores and shadows, few travellers returned. Once he had told me that he had put on a tee-shirt and levis and walked into the toughest Skid Row part of Mission Street, to see if he couldn't get beat up a little. I just laughed at him.

"In that kind of get-up?" I scoffed. "When they could see your arms and what kind of build you had? They'd run like hell from you, dressed like that," I said.

"Well, then, how should I do it?"

"You're a nut for wanting to," I said, "but if you really want to know, I'll tell you. Put on a long-sleeved lavender sport-shirt and a pair of Bermuda shorts, with knee high stockings, and then go walking in the same district. You'll get the hell knocked out of you, man."

He grinned. "Maybe I'll do just that," he said.

And maybe he had, too, damn it.

Karl was in a two-bed room, but the other bed had been vacated just that afternoon, the nurse said. In effect, then, I could stay beyond the visiting hours' limit, as if he had a private room.

"What happened?" I asked the nurse.

She shook her head. "I guess he got mugged," she said. "He was in a bad section of town, and some tough teenagers ganged up on him. He was on critical until yesterday. They nearly kicked him to death, from all we've been able to learn. You know, those engineer boots," she said, distastefully, and looked down. "Like yours," she added, in great disapproval, and turned quickly and left me.

The door to his room was half-opened, and a screen drawn between the bed and the door. I walked quietly to the screen, and looked around the edge of it. Karl's eyes were closed, and one hand lay outside the covers. There was a great purple-yellow bruise along his temple and one cheek, and a bandage around his neck.

"Karl!" I said, softly.

His eyes opened. He smiled a little, drowsily. "Phil," he said. I walked over to the bed, and stood beside it.

"Man, you sure are banged up," I said.

"You oughta see me underneath the sheet," he said. He raised the top edge of it, and I helped him.

I whistled. He was naked, and his body looked horrible. It was a mottled mass of bruises, and some cuts----black and blue, purple and yellow, fading into a kind of sick piebald pattern, as the extravasated blood tried to sink back from the horrible bruised areas.

"Sheez" I said. "What the hell happened?"

"A gang of tough kids," he said. "I met one of them, and asked him to----to let me get at his feet." He closed his eyes. "I guess the shock was too much for him, worse even than if I'd just asked him what an ordinary queer would. 'You want feet!' he hollered. 'You can have all you want!' He let out one of those finger-whistles, and his buddies came runnin'----about eight or nine of them. They just knocked me down and kicked me. They all had their----jolly stompers on----their boots. Laughing----oh, having a fine time!" He put his hand on his stomach. "Internal injuries and bleeding."

I shook my head. "Poor Karl," I said. "Don't you know if you catch an African monkey and paint him green and put him back in the jungle, the other monkeys will kill him, because he's so different?"

"Being queer's different, too," he said, and looked sad.

"Not so much any more," I said. "There's too much of it. But not of your specialty."

Karl smiled wanly. "Speaking of my specialty," he said. "How about it?"

I was mildly shocked. "Here and now?" I said.

"Why not?" he said. "Just close the door, and the nurse will stay out. Night preparations are not for another hour. Please----?" he said, and laid his big hand on mine.

"But you've been on the critical list with internal bleeding. Suppose this starts it again."

"Nah," said Karl. "That's all right by now."

I was a little doubtful, and not convinced. "Remember," I said. "At the magic moment your heartbeat jumps to one hundred-ninety, your blood pressure----doubles, and your breathing triples. It's a killer-diller."

"Please," Karl said again. "It's been too long. I'll take it easy."

"Okay," I said, weakening. I was sitting on what was his left side of the bed. So I pulled off my left boot. I took off the sock and laid it out flat, still warm and damp, across his eyes and nose. And then, I ever so gently swung my leg up and put my foot beside his face. He turned his head a little to the left, and I sank slowly back on the bed, as wave after wave of pleasure travelled over and through my body. Beside me, under the covers, I saw his hand move slowly toward his crotch....

And then, after a while, I knew from his breathing that he had finished. He opened his eyes as I raised up. I looked down at myself.

"Well, this time, I'm the one left in one helluva condition," I said. Karl smiled, his eyes closed. "You'll have to go into the can there," he said, "and finish off yourself this time. I'm too weak."

"You're all right, though?" I asked, anxiously. His face looked whiter than ever. I stuffed myself back together. "I reckon this is one time I can wait."

Karl's eyes were still closed. He smiled, peacefully. "I'm so tired," he said. Then he opened his eyes and looked up at me. "I'm happy," he said, "and I'll sleep tonight."

"I hope so," I said. "I'll try to see you again before you leave." I started toward the door.

"Okay, buddy," he said. "I'll be all right soon."

He waved his hand a little from the bed as I went out the door.

Well, that was it. That was Monday evening. Karl died early on Wednesday morning of internal hemorrhaging. All of the doctors and nurses were surprised, because he had been 'doing so well'. They said, however, that cases like his were unpredictable. Sometimes the bleeding started again when you least expected it, without any stimulus or movement or visible cause.

The papers played it up for a while, with scare articles about the growing violence in the San Francisco streets, and then they forgot about it.

But I did not forget about it. I did not stay much longer in San Francisco after that. The town had changed for me. It was no longer quite so bright and exciting.

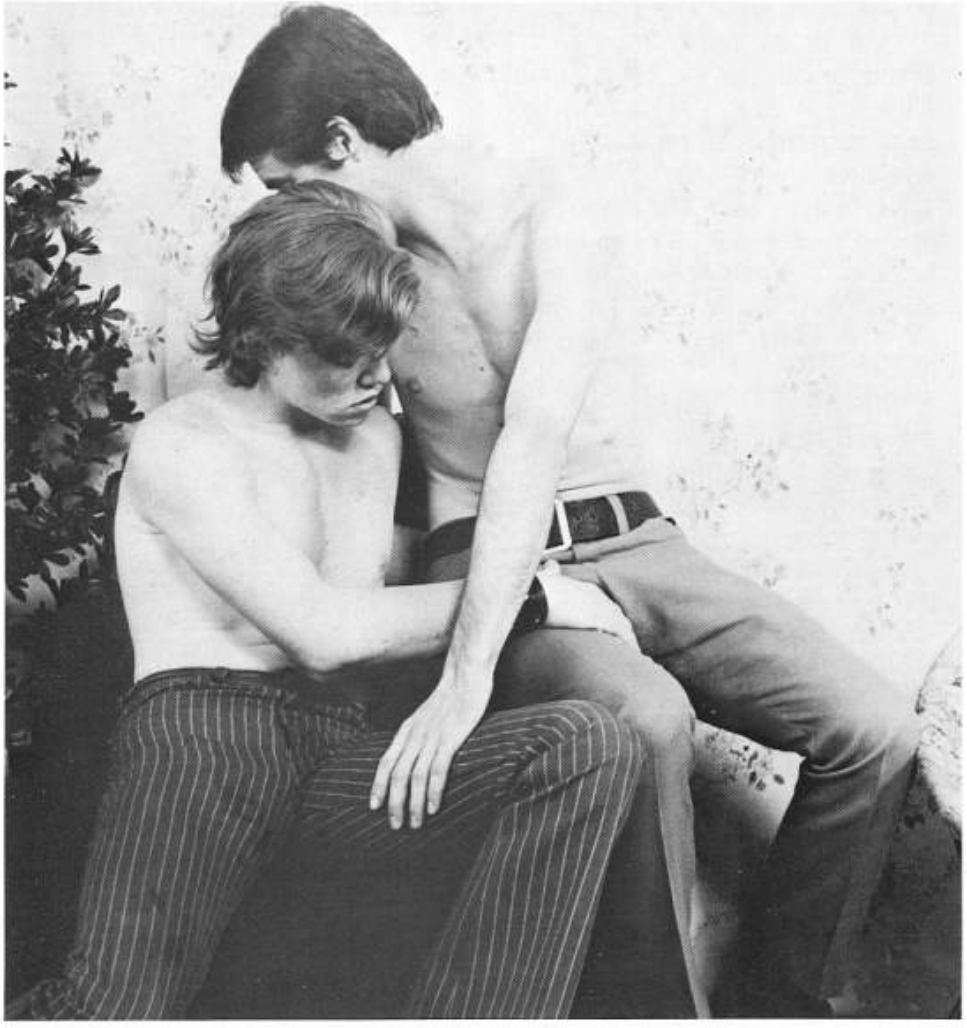
I changed too. I drank more. The only consolation that I had was a phrase *'without any stimulus or movement or visible cause.'* If the nurse hadn't said that to me, I would have had nothing to sustain me.

That was about two years ago. I haven't been able to stand anyone fooling around with my feet since. A guy in Chicago tried it, and I yanked away. When he kept at it, I gave him a rabbit punch, and got up and left.

Maybe that will all pass with time. I hope so. But, it hasn't yet.

# BY THE BOOK

## *A PHOTO ESSAY*



# A FEW POINTERS

*by Lyn Pedersen*

*Lyn Pedersen's slightly campy A FEW POINTERS is an exuberant little tale about a boy who couldn't get enough sex, and how he met his match, with the help of a perceptive aunt and uncle. There are various opinions on whether banter between characters adds or subtracts to the sexiness of a scene. Here, it certainly seems to whet the appetite. It is a fast exploration of two boys finding new dimensions in themselves....*

*Pedersen has been writing for Gay publications (ONE, MATTACHINE REVIEW, IN TOUCH, ADVOCATE) for 20 years, and has been active in Gay Movement circles in Los Angeles....*

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Sadie and Judson English never knew what a "love machine" they'd raised. Without being unpleasant about it, they'd always kept Ron on too short a leash, Sadie driving him to school and back, every day for 12 years, and Jud keeping the boy working all hours at the gas station outside Waco (that's in the middle of east Texas), so Ron rarely had a private minute till he left home at 17.

But what minutes he found, he'd sure used well! From age 11, he had a hot pecker, a loving spirit, and hands that could stroke up partners of whatever age or gender. He was a natural male whore: masculine in every fiber, but knowing, by instinct, just how each partner wanted it.

Though Ron followed nearly every customer to the john, and customers' cars forever broke down just down the road, so Ron had to go "look at their pistons," his old man never knew why his run-down gas station was so popular. But he sure knew that business dropped to nothing after Ron took off for the coast.

Ron could converse with wit about rock stars or baseball, autos, farming, even Texas history or politics----but his only abiding interest was in sex, three or more times a day. And right now his nuts were aching for some action!

He'd known it was stupid to visit Texas again----though he wanted to see some people again in Waco. For two weeks, he didn't get out of his parents' sight. Then, they drove up to Lubbock for four hectic days with his sister's noisy brood, followed by a day's drive north to visit Uncle George and Aunt Geedie, outside Abilene. Aunt Geedie picked up on how Ron was chafing under his parents' close watch, so, the second day she lured Jud and Sadie off to a Church picnic, leaving Ron home so somebody would be at the house when a friend of George's came by around 3 p.m.

George got Ron in a corner to ask, would he give this friend, who wanted to head for L.A., some point-

ers. And the way George had his hand on Ron's----waist, Ron got the hots for his own uncle!

But Ron half forgot the expected visitor. Instead he thought about how the temperature and humidity, both being over 95, he wanted to shuck his clothes as soon as the house was clear, and how his balls were so charged up, he wanted to jack himself off, even though his body was tuned for mutual sexing. Ron could turn almost anybody on. He could turn himself on to almost anybody. But, he could seldom turn himself on alone.

Alone, he got some rock and roll on the radio, flipped his clothes all over the house, did some push-ups and started fondling his meat. He didn't usually pry into people's stuff, but he messed around and uncovered some Gay magazines----Vector, ONE, Malevue, and Zipper. This was a side of Uncle George he had not suspected!

He leafed through the magazines for something to put starch in his pecker. But, even the pictures didn't harden his cock.

Then, someone banged on the door. The visitor was not due----so Ron thought----for two hours. Figuring to give some neighbor lady a titter, Ron went to the door, draped in a towel.

He opened it and saw the rugged redhead. His lungs emptied, and his peter came up so fast it flipped the corner of the towel right off it!

There was an embarrassed minute, but Ron's call-boy experience had at least taught him to move quick when people find something at the door they weren't expecting.

"If you was supposed to see my Uncle George at 3, he told me you was thinking of going to Hollywood, where I live, and I should give you some pointers...."

Jim Banner blushed, introduced himself, his eye fixed on Ron's pointer.

Since Ron didn't figure Jim for the direct approach, they headed for the couch, to leaf thru the less obvious Gay magazines, while Ron sized up Jim's responses. Jim's responses were *right on,* and Ron was getting dizzy with wanting to embrace the guy. So, he soon dropped the magazine and Jim's strong arm circled Ron's shoulder, with Ron feeling Jim's hard leg-muscles.

Jim was telling what a groovy guy Ron's uncle was. Their eyes locked, and Ron felt himself falling, toward Jim's broad chest, feline grin, and that shining red hair. Or, was it just the three weeks without sex? That long, with no loving, made Ron like a virgin all over, about to be deflowered by this ruggedly handsome male....

Ron had begun to unbutton Jim's pants, when Jim asked, "What do you do for a living out in Hollywood?"

Knowing how some guys are prejudiced against hustling, Ron started to lie----but he never liked lying under false colors.

"I peddle my tail. Lota guys out there pay real good for a little companionship or sex. I satisfy 'em, whatever they like."

Jim leaned back, with a look of surprise, amusement and inquisitiveness.

"That so? Was you planning to charge me? Oh, I might consider payin', but I sorta expected this was even-Steven...."

"Buddy," Ron answered, "I'm so sex-starved with visiting my folks, I'd consider paying *you*----in addition to you being such a handsome hunk----but I don't wanta make no innocent young man into a whore. So let's just barter? Let me see what you got, and I'll let you see what I got."

"I already seen what you got."

"Well, let me see yours, then."

"Go fishin' for it," Jim chuckled.

Ron removed his towel, wiggled his own meat under Jim's glance, and slipped one hand under Jim's tight denims, over his hot, hard stomach, into the pubic hair. Ron's cock stiffened, and before he'd more than touched the tip of Jim's meat, Jim went down on Ron's cock.

Fired up with feeling Jim's well-filled white denims against his own leg, with his own fingers in that halo of red hair, and with Jim's firm lips hot on his meat, Ron could have shot instantly. His head was skyrocketing like with LSD, but he knew it would satisfy Jim more if he held off a bit.

Then he recalled Uncle George saying, yesterday, "We forgot your birthday last week, Ronald. We'll have to attend to that."

Right then, Jim came up for air, saying, "It ain't like you're a hustler and me something else. I never peddled my meat in public, but I took a lot of presents from guys like your uncle, for balling them, and it was always as much fun for me. Anyhow, George asked me to sort of be your birthday present...."

"Well, let's get the wrapping off, so's I can see what I got!" Ron said, pulling Jim's pants down.

"It get's bigger," Jim apologized, as Ron fondled his soft meat.

"I'm not complaining. I seen guys bigger'n both of us who didn't know how to use it. This is beautiful meat! Can I taste it?"

It hardened fast in Ron's mouth, a love-machine *par excellence,* which flowed all over Jim's cock, juicing it in three minutes flat.

"You're terrific, man!" Jim sighed. "But shouldn't I be servicing you?"

"Less you're playing special roles, like some S-M guys, it don't matter who does what, long's we both enjoy it."

Jim sprawled on the couch, squeezing Ron's balls, his tongue rimming Ron's cock-head. He worked it

sweetly, fingering the nest of hair, his warm breath teasing the head. He kept right on after taking Ron's hot cream all over his face.

"You're an easy guy to have sex with," Jim mused. "No pressure to deliver."

"Buddy, don't ever concentrate on 'delivering'. If you enjoy yourself and help your partner enjoy himself, the rest is automatic."

They found many ways to enjoy themselves----and one another.

Jim had always avoided rimming, but he exploded with pleasure when Ron's tongue had probed his ass, and Ron's balls had just tasted so good, that Ron's tail, now suspended over Jim's chin, looked good to eat. Jim dipped his tongue into the dark hairs behind the balls, turned on by the musky sweat-smell, spread Ron's neat buttocks with his fingers, and ran his tongue closer to the pink hole. Dizzy with excitement, he

imagined opening the hole with his tongue, then shoving his entire head inside....

Maybe it was the way Jim pressed Ron's rump to his chest, or the way his tongue lunged inward, or his violent sucking, but Ron (who'd often been fist-fucked), felt his pelvis split, thought he felt Jim's wooly hair, probing tongue and sucking lips, way up inside his gut. His fist clenched in transcending joy, as his own tongue danced over Jim's hot, pink prick.

He gasped, when Jim's tongue slipped out of him, then they sucked each other like crazy, Jim's teeth digging in behind Ron's cock-head. Ron was skilled at prolonging coming, but never like this! For five minutes he felt at his peak, thought his jism was actually spurting before it began. Both gasped for breath. Lightning flashed in their heads. Then Ron collapsed over Jim, and both over-flowed the other's mouth, thick and sweet.

Except to hug and lick up the spilt cream, they lay still for 20 minutes. Then Uncle George phoned to say he'd keep the folks out til midnight. "But don't drop no glass slippers," he joked and hung up.

"Never knew I had a fairy godfather in Texas," Ron quipped, then their sexing got real athletic. Ron pushed his tail up so Jim could work into position to suck and cornhole him at the same time. Ron had easily taken the biggest dongs in Hollywood, but Jim's jabbing hurt him like hell, and Ron loved it. But the second time Ron took it in the ass that night, was the sweetest fuck he'd ever had. While slipping it in the cut, Jim asked, "How ya getting back to L.A.?"

"Figured to fly----tomorrow, or next day, I *had* figured."

"I got room on my Harley," Jim said, his voice quivering for fear Ron might say no. "And I'm ready to go tomorrow, if ya want."

"Got yourself a deal!" Ron said, and Jim bent down to kiss him passionately, folding Ron's hips down flat.

"Ya think I could make a living hustling, too?"

"Pal, you could earn plenty, with some training of fine points. But I'd rather work and support us both, and chain you by the balls right to my bed."

"Won't take no chain----" Jim said. "But if ya like master-and-slave games, I mean to be on the top more'n on the bottom. I found it was a real sex turn-on the time I got this scar fighting another cyclist with crowbars."

"Ya ain't gonna try nothing like that with me?"

"No, Ron, I just plan to *love* you to death."

"OK," Ron said, "if you submit now and let me plug you."

"I ain't never let anybody in my bunghole before."

Ron's finger was already in. "Man! You're tight! Really feels like virgin territory!"

"It is. I been saving it for *you*. Happy Birthday, buddy!"

He turned his tail up. Ron greased it and forced it,

slowly in----getting some loud groans and gasps from Jim. "Hey buddy," Ron joked, "when we ride out west, let me cut a hole in the seat of your pants, and keep this in ya till you loosen up."

"You don't like the way it feels now?" Jim sounded wounded.

"I love it, but don't pinch my cock off. In my business I need it."

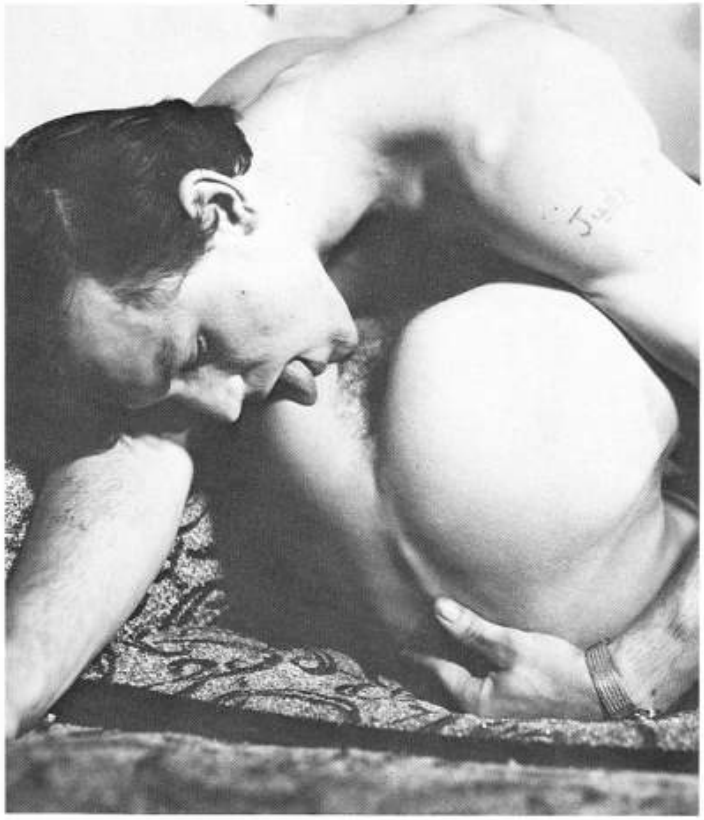
"Our business," Jim moaned, as Ron seeded his rectum for the first time.

"This much pleasure ain't gonna leave much energy for business."

"So, we'll die poor, but happy."

# THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

*by Harold Baskin*



*THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT is a lively example of the always stirring artistry of Harold Baskin, who has written scores of these stories without excessive concern for the details of the picture sequence they originally accompanied.*

*Some disagree as to whether humor helps or hinders a sex yarn, but few object to humor the way Baskin injects it, for he finds his whimsy in the naivete of spunky young men, who may be ignorant about sexual procedures, but are always willing to please----and to please is the aim of Baskin's stories.*

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"My company is sending me to Hawaii in a week to manage their plant. I have so much business to settle before I go that I won't have time to make arrangements for selling my house. How about you coming out here to Los Angeles, and living in my house while trying to sell it for me? I'll give you the agent's fee, which should be enough to set you up in your own business."

That phone call from my favorite uncle, was my passport out of my hick Arizona home-town; and, one week later, I was driving my uncle to the airport in the sports-car which he gave me as an advance bonus. I raced back to the house, and stuck the bright red "For Sale" sign I made, into the front lawn.

I never sold a thing before, but I've always heard

that "the customer is always right." With a fifty thousand dollar house on my hands, you can bet he's gonna be pretty god-damned right.

I was standing behind the sign, daydreaming, when I realized that the top of the pole was in my crotch, and giving me a hard-on. My jeans were really bulging when a car screeched to a halt. A good-looking---- young blond guy hopped out, came up to me, and asked, "How much?"

"It ain't cheap," I said, in what I assumed was a good salesman tone of voice, "but after you've examined the merchandise, you'll consider it a bargain."

He must've been impressed, 'cause while he was following me to the front door, he was saying things like, "Wow-wow-whee!" and "Far out!"

"It's a pretty snug entry, but once inside, you'll find plenty of living room. It's fully equipped, and everything's in working order. It's a helluva lot bigger than family size; it seems to stretch out for a mile. And the back sticks so far out, it's almost to Glendale. But you can see that for yourself."

By this time we were on the patio and the heat must've been getting to him 'cause he was panting and rolling his eyes, and his tongue was hanging out. He must've been afraid it would get me, too, 'cause he started taking my clothes off as well as his own. He asked me, "How much?" again, and when I told him, "Fifty," he said it's a bargain and kissed me, which must be his way of sealing the deal. This must be what they call "hard-sell" 'cause we both sure were.

His knees started shaking. I figured it was the heat, so I picked him up and carried him into the cabana, sealing the deal all the way there. He started slipping down me until his butt came to rest on Ol' John Henry, which was stiff as a board. He kept wiggling and squeezing his cheeks until John Henry slipped right up inside his hole. I was embarrassed, and tried to pull it out, but every time I had it out to the head, that blond feller would fall back down on it again. After a few more times, John Henry had an accidental explosion and then went limp.

I tried to apologize for Ol' John's misbehavior, but the blond didn't seem to mind 'cause he sat down on the floor and began sealing the deal with John Henry. I mean, he had it all in his mouth, and his lips and tongue were working a mile a minute. Ol' John came to life again, but only for a minute, 'cause he had another explosion right off.

We settled on the cot, sealing the deal, mouth to mouth again, when he laid down and pulled me---- around behind him. At the first touch of those buns, John Henry turned into a greedy hog again, so I was determined to teach it a lesson. I shoved it in hard, and kept slamming it harder and harder. I reckon the blond agreed to my punishment, 'cause he kept throwing his ass back every time I shoved forward.

He rolled over on his belly and then up on his knees, and yelled, "Keep slamming it! Take it all the way out and then shove it all the way home! Keep doing it! Harder!"

Well, "the customer is always right." One time when I had it out, he turned over on his side and spread his legs wide apart, and I got John Henry back in without breaking the rhythm. Soon, Ol' John had all the punishment it could take, and it started bucking and throbbing and exploding all over the place.

After a couple of minutes the blond got up and got dressed. He put fifty dollars on the cot and staggered to the door, saying, "Oh-wow!"

I wondered what the money was for; it wasn't enough for a down-payment. He must've changed his mind, and left the money as a thank-you for taking up my time.

Three weeks have passed, and almost the same thing has happened four and five times a day, every day. I must be a lousy salesman, but with these fifty dollar thank-you's, I'll soon have enough to buy the house myself. So Uncle George won't be disappointed in me. Then I'll just keep trying to sell it, and, as long as nobody wants to buy it, I won't have to go into any business. Business never did make much sense to me.

# THE WAY WE ARE

*by Frank Golovitz*

*THE WAY WE ARE by Frank Golovitz, like so many stories in this genre, starts with a delivery-man of some sort knocking on the protagonist's door, and, before the fucking is over, two very different young men (except that both are slight types, who have had to fight to maintain the aura of manliness), are discussing setting up housekeeping together. The most common of themes, it offers endless variations, depending on development of character.*

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*The author, Frank Golovitz, whose by-line first appeared in ONE Magazine about 1958, and who has written also for the ADVOCATE, has written scores of Gay sex stories. They touch elements of sensitivity not common in this field.*

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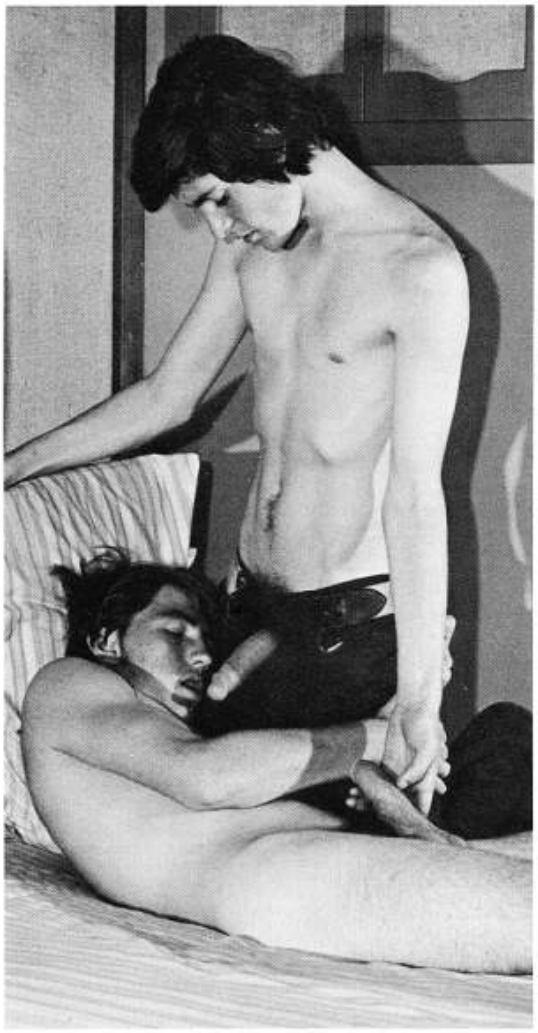

Jerry Houston was known as a "ladies' man" in high school, even though he had an almost unbearable crush, first on a shy fellow student in his biology class, and later on Carter Willis, captain of the football team. Carter certainly encouraged Jerry's attentions----they double-dated frequently, and after every date, after they'd taken the girls home, Carter would hang around for an hour or so, each wanting to touch the other, each wanting to hug the other close, but neither knowing how to make the first move, and each held back by the subtle brainwashing that told him it was unmasculine for male to love male....

Until he started Horace Mann High, Jerry had been as painfully shy with girls, half afraid of them, half envious, as he still was with most guys. But, on the first day at the school, freckle-faced little Kathy Hughes, thoroughly confused by the disorganized crowd, had asked him where room 326 was. That was Jerry's assigned home-room too, so, even though he was as confused as she, he with luck, led Kathy and four other shy, giggling girls to the room, finding their lockers along the way. The six of them shared

some classes all through high school, and Jerry was surrounded by delighted girls for the entire four years, except during his ROTC classes. Their warmest compliment was, that they felt at ease around him, that he wasn't like other boys.

He'd been a lonely kid before that, but the accident of helping Kathy that day, made him one of the most popular boys in school, projecting him finally to the Presidency of his graduating class.

His pleasure at being around Kathy, Sue Ann, Jennie and the rest fooled him into thoughts of marriage, but he was not terribly surprised when Kathy came to him, a week before graduaton, and told him she was in love with Jennie, asking for his advice, saying he was the only one she knew who would understand,

because she could see how he felt about Carter....

And he had been understanding, until she said that----but the Number One Ladies' Man of Horace Mann wasn't yet ready to face up to the falseness of that pose.

He had a scholarship for the state university, where most of his friends were going, but suddenly Jerry's father decided to move the family to Rochester, New York, and Jerry, reluctantly went along. It was a bad move in every way. His father's new job played out. Jerry went to work delivering parcels. He couldn't seem to make new friends, and two guys on the job began calling him a faggot. His angry denials increased their crude taunts, and his own uncertainties. With all the dating he'd done, he knew almost nothing about sex, though he had long since discovered the intense pleasure of running his slender fingers over his own body.

He got his first lesson one night when he ran into Pete, his chief tormenter, downtown. In Pete's beat-up, old Chevy, on a dark side street, Jerry's head was forced down in Pete's lap, and, from his mind to his gut he was torn with mixed feelings about what he was doing. "Eat it cocksucker!" Pete said with thick contempt. "That's what you been wanting!"

Jerry found another job the next day, kept to himself for six months, then befriended a pale, girlish redhead boy on the job, who was getting the same sort of teasing Jerry had taken. Mickey was Jerry's first lover, but, while they each helped build up the other's frayed self-respect, they

both soon recognized it as a mismatch. Mickey wanted a male bruiser he could play wife to, and Jerry, though he wasn't ready to admit it, wanted a masculine lover who would not invalidate his own masculinity.

So, to break up smoothly, Jerry followed a whim, and joined the paratroopers. He blossomed out in the service, picked up that "ladies' man" reputation again, was popular with his buddies, got laid by a couple of them when they'd had enough to drink that it didn't seem to matter, and, then met Nelson.

Nelson was a dead ringer in looks and personality for Carter, back at Horace Mann. He took to Jerry immediately, and they became inseparable. The other guys teased them as lovers, and they brushed it off, but Jerry was just about on the point of admitting it to himself, and doing something about it, when a jeep Nelson was riding in blew up....

It really brought Jerry down. And he stayed down until he was out of the service, almost until he met Jimmy Estes.

It can't happen a third time, he told himself, as soon as he saw the red-head at his apartment door. But this truck-driver looked like triplets to Carter and Nelson, except Nelson's hair had been brighter red, and Carter's more brown. Jerry'd had a lot of time

to think about his relations with each of them, and he was no longer bothered by the taboo, no longer willing to let something that good slip out of his hands....

Jimmy Estes had grown up on a Tennessee farm. He'd never been shy about sex, and had tried all kinds, but more and more he realized that what he wanted was a buddy, someone kinda dashing, darkly handsome, maybe even pretty-faced, but masculine,---- someone he could sorta protect, but no sissy....

He'd come to Jerry's door to deliver a new television. His first glance at Jerry, and he made no effort to hide the fact that he liked what he saw----though he was a bit embarrassed at his sudden rock-hard-on.

Jerry laughed and pointed, "Does carrying TV's do that to you?"

"I guess I'm just the horny type," Jimmy said, his eyes glued to Jerry's darkish, bared chest.

"Do you know anything about setting these things up?" Jerry asked, invitingly. "I could make us a couple drinks----that is, if you've got the time?"

"Buddy, I not only got the time I got what they call the inclination. Mind if I take my jacket off? I'm sweating already...."

The drinks disappeared, instantly, and hands began to explore, so very different, Jerry thought, from feeling yourself up, so very different from having sex with another soldier, while both of you pretended you were too drunk to know what was happening....

Gently, easy, slow, loving, a bit of casual joking, a little getting-acquainted talk, some weighing of crotches, then Jimmy exploring Jerry's tattoos, learning about Nelson: "We got tattooed the same way, except where I got one on the right side, he had it on the left, and *goddamn* but he looked like you."

Jimmy'd never had a friend die on him. It made him feel good to be able to comfort Jerry, though at the moment, Jerry seemed the happy-go-lucky type who would not be needing much comforting.

Jimmy considered himself a red-hot, firecracker in the sex department. He'd had three good blow-jobs (and given a couple), at truck stops that week, but, when Jerry's lips closed over the head of Jimmy's pale, firm cock, it was like something he'd never experienced before. But he could feel a nervousness still in Jerry, could feel that the boy, for all his apparent jauntiness, didn't have things right in his head yet.

He tried to hold himself off, but shot before he could stop it, and felt Jerry turn off a little. He let Jerry lay back on the couch and slowly undressed him, kissing him all over, then stretching out with his head in Jerry's lap.

"Wanta talk about it, pal?" he asked, and quickly got Jerry's life story. He was excited by his own resemblance to the two guys Jerry had most wanted to love, but was worried because Jerry still didn't seem quite ready to face things.

"Look, pal, you been fighting yerself, and there ain't no use in that. I ain't much one for saying that I'm homosexual, heterosexual, bisexual or any a that, an anybody calls me a faggot's gonna get a mouth fulla fist. But I live with *me,* and I like livin with me, and that's been your trouble. You gotta accept the way you are, be your self. And, the way I see it, an I hope I ain't pushing things too fast, is the way *we* are is two guys who wanta be together, who wanta turn one another on."

"I'll buy that!" Jerry laughed, though his mood remained pensive awhile. They kissed, arched together.

"I ain't for sale; but for you, I'm all for free." Jimmy sprawled back on the couch, Jerry moving

uncertainly to take Jimmy's meat back in his mouth, then sucking hungrily....

"It's my time for that," Jimmy said, getting to the floor and starting to run his nose and lips around Jerry's groin, before he settled on and gave Jerry a passionate frenching, drawing the last dregs of Jerry's resistance out along with his cum.

They ended up on the floor---- long, lazy exercises that were half wrestling, half love-making, and then into the spacious shower. Both of them had long entertained the fantasy of showering with someone, playing around with them at the same time, and both had enjoyed the excitement of common showers in the service, but the extreme discretion that was necessary, took most of the fun out of it, even when another guy asked you to soap his back, and you felt your pecker rise and knew that his was rising too....

Rushing water, soap and two loving, handsome bodies exploring one another for the first time, make for tops in sensuality, slow, joyous arousal, and no great hurry about fulfillment, stretching this way and that, feeling the water stream shift to run down your flank and jump across to his knee. Even when Jerry unexpectedly slid his soapy cock into Jimmy's rear, and Jimmy arched back to kiss, while the lukewarm water coursed down between open mouths, trailing across, touching tongues....

Each one excited by every change in the other's skin tone as the water shifted from hot to warm to cold, they dried one another off, then made a run and dive for the bed, Jimmy excited because his ass-end could still feel the imprint of that quick invasion of Jerry's shaft. And he'd never been all that anxious to have his tail pierced before.

He broke up a cool kiss. "Fuck me, babe. I want that beauty a yours back up inside me." He got up onto his hands and knees and turned his rump toward Jerry, who fingered some grease into the tight hole, then leaned forward slowly, finding the entry harder than it was in the shower, finding his rod hot and urgent as he pressed in, the head expanding as it slipped past the sphincter, the shaft starting to bend in the middle (that hurt some), as it met resistance, then sliding all the way in, Jimmy groaning loud, then urging him on, "Shove it, baby! Pound that sausage up my ass!"

The entry hurt Jimmy like hell, and he'd never been one to take sexual joy in being hurt, or in hurting, but, from the moment Jerry had invaded him in the shower, he'd been getting higher and higher on the idea of being fucked mercilessly, and with Jerry's third forward thrust, Jimmy collapsed on the bed, pulling Jerry down on his back, thrust hard into him. "Pound it, baby! Pound the hell out of it!" and Jerry lustily obliged. The pain went away almost as fast as it had come, and there was just a wild churning, the sweaty drop of Jerry's body over Jimmy's back, the withdrawal that seemed each time to almost turn him----inside-out, the loud splat as their bodies joined again, the wonderful turmoil in his stomach, the dull---- throbbing in his balls, and the spiraling craziness, the blazing fire-works going off inside his skull, then the pool of his own cum, seeping between his belly and the bed-clothes just as he felt an eruption of hot lead deep in his guts....

And Jerry settled snug down over his back, their arms locked, Jimmy's ass-muscles trying to hold onto the shrinking worm that was crawling out of his rear end, tickling, both of them laughing, then sighing, how empty can the stomach feel?

"When do you have to get your truck back?" Jerry asked, as they rolled over lazily, and lit cigarettes.

"Don't worry me none when it gets back, less you're anxious to quit."

"Quit, hell! I still want to get some a what you just got."

"Take me awhile to get my steam up again." So they rested awhile, then Jimmy rolled his lover onto his back, arched over him with Jerry's legs up in the air, and let himself slowly down, letting the rod fall into the waiting hole, sensing that Jerry wouldn't enjoy being fucked hard, he gave him a gentle fuck, slow, loving, painless, so easy going that they were able to talk about where Jimmy lived (a kitchenette room), and whether he'd be interested in moving in (definitely) and whether Jerry might like to take on a part-time job as a trucker's helper, with an occasional cross-country run thrown in....

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